The Dinner's the Thing: Fourth of July Has Now Become a Home Holiday

HERE are good Americans who necessarily in the order in which they will call them red by courtesy—could dence by the rising mercury in the At each place there may be a miniathermometer recklessly signed their ture drum concealing bon-bons in its defiance of England and then drowned depths, or a giant make-believe firetheir qualms in swigs of some cooling cracker may be substituted for this. potion, perhaps the insidious mint

inference the fact remains that the Christmas. For instance, the first Fourth of July is often, it may be said fried chicken of the season is usually is generally, one of the hottest days served on this occasion, and also the of the entire summer, a fact which first ears of green corn. It's a sumany hostess preparing for her feast must take into consideration,

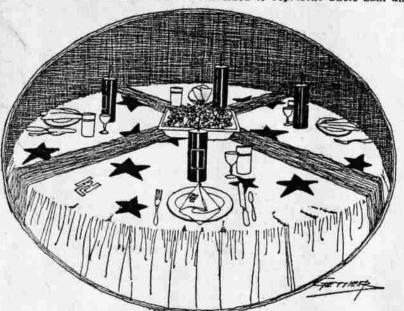
Independence Day in many parts of the country is now considered a vulgar larly appropriate by having the color piece de resistence is dinner.

consuming the big meal of the day. The hostess who hopes to evolve salad course, and the ices could be something new in the matter of decor- moulded to represent Uncle Sam and

independence to the fact that the white cloth may be spangled with entree might consist of tinned pimenthe Fourth of July, 1776 was a gilt stars, or broad bands of red, white tos, stuffed with crab meat and served greatest ignoramus present.

In the middle eastern states the menu for the Fourth of July dinner Whether or not this is a proper is as well established as that for mer dinner pure and simple, just as the Christmas dinner is a winter one.

The menu may be made particuone upon which to travel; excursions scheme red and white. For instance, are held in abhorrence except by chil- the first course might consist of towhich the populace gathers in some spoonful of whipped cream. If the park to hear Thomas Jefferson's mas- weather is very warm jellied bouillon getting her skirts soiled on the paveterpiece read, and so the Fourth has might be substituted for this. The come to be regarded as a home day- soup might be followed by soft crabs one to be spent in a home though served with Sauce Tartare. The fried not necessarily in your own-and its chicken with its cream gravy would come next, with an accompaniment of Of course there are fireworks at new peas and new potatoes. Whole nights and noise all the time, but the tomatoes stuffed with bits of pimento hour of hours is that given over to and cucumber and covered with white mayonnaise would make a pleasant



The Fourth Of July 'In bie Should Be Patriotic.

of red, white and blue blossoms that size the color scheme.

will be artistic as well as patriotic.

ations for her table will have diffi- Miss Columbia, and could be formed culty in carrying out her project. She of vanilla ice cream and one of the quite moral of Jeannot to conceal her can of course at a season when flowers red ices, such as raspberry. Red and age in this fashion, but the next day are so abundant, have a centerpiece white mints could be used to empha-

reads the Declaration of Independ- delving into histories on the third of

breakfast, and at the two o'clock din-

ence to his brood immediately after the month.

disguise ourselves by our cloth-

ing as now. It is said that the very short skirt ments, and so has raised them above the danger-mark.

However trustworthy this explanation the fact remains that the very clothes, but in her vivacity, her supshort skirt has done more to disguise respectable ladies than any other one of youth which radiates from her and thing that Fashion has devised for many years.

For instance, you stroll out on the beach at a summer resort and there come upon a little girl whose back is toward you. She is, to judge by the view you have of her, about sixteen years of age. Her white corduroy skirt is a full six inches from the ground; her cherry-colored silk jacket is swathed about her slender figure by means of a sash, and on her head is what is known as a "sport" hat, a white Panama affair the brim turned down all around as the boys wear

You are still thinking how trig the girls of the day look when this individual turns around and faces you. The face is familiar. It is the face of a girlhood friend.

"But Jeannot has not a grown daughter," you murmur to yourself. And then she smiles and the explanation dawns upon you. It is Jeannot herself! Jeannot who is thirty-six if she is a day and the mother of four. "How young you look Jeannot," you cry," how exceedingly girlish!"

"It is easy to do that in these days," she answers carelessly. "It is quite simple. I have on Maisle's hat-Maisie is twelve-the rest of the togs are mine, but it is a juvenile costume, isn't it?" You have the feeling that it is not

when you come upon your neighbor Mrs. Smith, clad in much the same Many variations of this menu will fashion - short skirt, dashing hat. She Is, To Judge By The View You She should arrange the blossoms in occur to every house wife. For in- gaily colored jacket-and remember moist sand in pyramidal form and not stance, pink-lined cantaloupes we that she made her debut while you

ner each person finds secreted in his nankin a written question concerning some event in American history. firmly believe that we owe our come in the flag. In addition to this be used for a first course and the swers the most of these questions correctly, and a booby prize also for the very hot day and that our forefathers and blue ribbon may be stretched from with a cream sauce; or the entree while this custom is sometimes very driven to desperation and to impructorner to corner to make a great X. could be omitted altogether. In a certain family where it is to confuse Monmouth with Gettysburg. ought to instill love of country in the it causes rare fun among the youngchildren pater familias invariably sters, and is responsible for a great

How Modern Dress Disguises Women

WRELY dress is the modern were still studying geography, and Great Illusion! Surely never has a well-grown family-you decide were we able so skillfully to that the time has come to buy a "sport" hat for yourself.

But what has become of all the fat women who once were so plenticame into being because the war had ful? There are no fat women now. made cabs scarce in France, and the And where are the wrinkles that erstdren; there are few towns left in mate soup, each plate capped with a Parisienne, who has to walk when she while disfigured the countenance of goes abroad in consequence, objects to every feminine person over thirty-five venrs of age?

Truly the woman of the day is amazing; amazing not only in the fact that she can wear her daughter's plenesss, her slimness-the general air which is more a matter of spirit than it is of cold cream and corsets!



Have Of Her, About Sixteen Years Of Age.

How to Be Happy Though Travelling OMETIMES—but only occasion- dressing room, that is cool, that is and very attractive ruches of white

ing costume for women could be established by law, and that you would tained in a compact bag, not a hair would be a one-piece frock of poplin, be empowered to enforce this legislation. The wish first came to you upon one occasion when a bride entered the

parlor car in which you sat, clad all in her bridal raiment. Not a vell and orange blossoms, you understand, but almost as bad as this. She wore indeed, an exquisite gown of white French batiste, wonderfully worked by hand, and trimmed with the most delicate lace; she wore white silk stockings and white buck shoes; she wore a great white Leghorn hat trimmed with floating white plumes. She were long white gloves and a look of ecstacy, and over all, half conceal-

ing, half revealing she wore a pongee motoring coat. She got on that dirty train and sat n the dusty chairs, and forgot herself in her new husband's glances, but the passengers as one man glued their eyes to her and never removed them. They saw the white of that gown grow grimy; those plumes hang limp, the stockings and shoes lose their virgin

freshness. It was a grimy bride who after a six-hour journey got off that train to the scandal of the station attaches in the metropolis. She looked wilted, she looked anything but attractive; she was a Horrible Example of what not to wear when traveling. And then there was the lady who once went to New York in the same

Pullman with you who was dressed as if for a dance, or to play Carmen, in a bright red satin gown, with elbow sleeves and a decollete bodice. It was high noon when she entered the coach and you can still remember your first thrilling suspicion that she was some sort of a masquerade. As opposed to the persons described

above there are the ladies whom you have seen who have boarded trains for long journeys clad irreproachably in suits and veils and gloves, and have sat so attired for hours, fearful, apparently, that to raise a veil or to stamp them as belonging to the hot pollei.

The average man finds traveling pleasure; the average woman finds it many and many a feminine person who lives in the east and wishes to the heat.

some wisdom. She should have in the and when she stopped en route to attention as any millionairess who is not wrinkle, that is easily put on in she passed she smartened up her cos- ing of her plans, and no doubt she the limited space of a sleeping car's tume by adding to it one of the new will

ally and when you are in a bad smart; she must have a small hat, dark tuile, a veil, and black shoes trimmed humor-you wish that a travel- shoes and stockings, and dark gloves. with white.

Her toilet belongings should be conbrush in one piece of baggage and a taffeta, foulard, pongee, or any other clothes brush in another; but tooth, material off which the dust slides. hair and clothes brushes all put away With this a motor coat would have in a small hand bag, together with a to be taken for cold nights on the mirror, powder, chamois skin, mani- Coast, But given this one frock, plenty

But more useful even than this



The Traveling Costume Should Be Plain And Simple.

curing instruments, hair pins, a pin of blouses, two or three white skirts. remove a glove would in some way cushion-all the things indeed that are and a single evening dress of some used in making a toilet. So is dress- simple sort, a woman could go to the ing speeded in a railway train.

immaculate. She had a striped blouse wear, and for evening a flowered or-And yet it need not be uncomfort. of plue and white handkerchief linen, gandie and a white crepe frock. able if Madame prepares for it with and others of white crepe de chine first place a traveling dress that does visit friends in towns through which there," said she, triumphantly, in tell-

Exposition and stay several weeks and A young woman who recently start- always appear well-dressed. Indeed ed to San Francisco wore a suit of dark when it comes to that a certain girl most uncomfortable experience, and blue poplin. It consisted of a flaring who is going to a very smart summer skirt, and a short jacket trimmed with resort for two months is taking with go to San Francisco for the Expost- fancy braid. Her close-fitting hat had her only six white skirts, eight blouses tion will be deterred by the thought a smart feather as a "finishment" and of various sorts, two voile gowns, of that trip across the Continent in her shoes and gloves were quiet and which she made herself for afternoon

"And I'll have as much fun and

Ownbreds Countre Place

Pigs for the Townbreds

a garden; pigs, somehow, seem are we raising them? To make six the ones you've ordered?" to put the finishing touches on a place little pigs grow where one grew beand make it "truly rural."

Five Oaks only a short while when

most upset the pig-sty.

"Well, Ruthvin," said Mrs. Town- They only cost about three dollars and I ordered two of them at three inquired And added sentimentally: bred the evening after they had decided to make the purchase, "I've arranged for our pigs. A man who lives about ten miles from here is going to bring them over in a wagon tomor-They are well-bred, too. Mr. Townbred's mouth flew open

and he stared in amazement. "Wellbred?" he asked dazedly. "Wh-what? -I never knew pigs could be wellbred. I've always heard a pig has no manners at all."

This time Mrs. Townbred stared for a moment; she could not quite tell whether her husband meant it seriously. "You silly!" she laughed. "Of

course I don't mean it that way! Why, they'd eat with their knives if they had any! I mean that they come of good stock."

"Oh," breathed Mr. Townbred, pretending to be vastly enlightened, "I What kind are they?" "Poland China and, Ruthvin, it's the

best all-round hog there is." "Not a bit of it!" he objected promptly. "Give me black Berkshires every time:"

When did you ever have any pigs Ruthvin?"

"Never, my dear, but, since you insist, I meant that if I'm to have pigs I'd rather have Berkshires than any I've been reading up other kind course, the Poland China is-"

"It's a big hog. Ruthvin, but it to me!" doesn't run entirely to fat; it has in anticipation. lots of good solid meat on it and-"

shire is the pig for us." Mrs. Townbred hastened to explain.

Mrs. Townbred sat down deliberfactory as living there without knew something about them. Why he snapped. "What did you pay for

And the Townbreds had been at make money on pigs, my dear!" "Humh!" snapped Ruthvin. "And

O live in the country and not ately and sighed. "For goodness sake, know enough to give black Berkshires in smiles and the pride of possession keep pigs is almost as unsatis- Ruthvin, I was beginning to think you the preference over Poland China!" was in their eyes.

fore-and sell them! That's how you good breeders-and they are three side and the smaller black Berkshires months old. Why?"

they realized that fact. Wherefore, continue to buy our ham and bacon about four dollars too much. I may lety in true pig-fashion. they decided that the pig-sty, just be- and lard, I suppose, when we've got know very little about pigs, Frieda, yond the barn, should presently have an occupant or two.

But, of course, Mr. Townbred had

"After we have some young ones,"

It walking around in the pig-sty, eh? but I do know what they're worth. Now you just wait until you see the know us, too. Aren't they cute little pair of black Berkshires I bought this devils?" to secretly "butt in" with an alleged Mrs. Townbred explained, patiently, afternoon—they'll be here tomorrow. improvement on the general scheme "of course we'll raise one or two of I met a man on the car this morning explained, with just a touch of sarfor the purchase of the porcine addithem to kill; but not until we have who lives further up the road; he told casm in her tone.

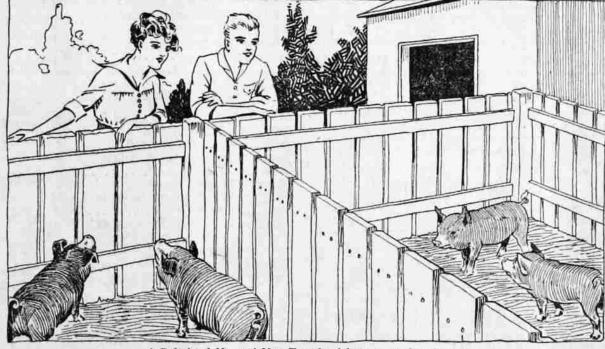
The purchase of the porcine addithem to kill; but not until we have who lives further up the road; he told casm in her tone.

"John had better give them an ex-"Shucks! What's the use, Frieda? around here. They are six weeks old tra feed tonight, don't you think?" he

and Mrs. Townbred hung over the Mr. Townbred was peeved. "I pig-sty. Their faces were wreathed

Within the sty, separated by a board partition, were the latest additions to "Ten dollars a pair-selected as the family, the Poland Chinas on one on the other. They were expressing "Oh, nothing, except that you paid their surprise, indignation and anx-

"They're hungry," Mrs. Townbred



A Delighted Mr. and Mrs. Townbred hung over the Pig-sty.

apple in his mouth looks mighty good than two pigs are worth!" And Mr. Townbred smiled

meat is-well, as one of the books ize. Ruthvin, that a pig that age would worth only three dollars apiece." phrased it, the Berkshire is the pig be mighty apt to break down our dinfor the spicure. As we aren't going ing room table? And you'd have to but tried to conceal it. "Oh, well,"
into the lard business, and as I'm willroast him in a furnace or in a brick he said, lightly, "you keep my—er—" ing to admit I'm an epicure, the Berk- kiln? Now I'm delighted when you a-my lady pig and we'll fatten the- A pig may be just a pig, Frieda, but g to admit I m an epicure, the Berk. Rill: Now it is the pig for us."

Inke an interest in things on the piace er—a—gentleman one and kill him him grow up from a little runt of a guess you can see that all pigs are

There: cried Mrs. Townbred, tripurpose, makes it right in the pig for us."

There is the pig for us."

There is the pig for us."

Ruthvin, but you can't expect me to be satisfied—except the centleman one and kill him for up from a little runt of a guess you can see that all pigs are

THAT colored for the pig for us."

There is the pig for us." manage successfully when you inter- be satisfied-except the gentleman pig. fellow! No indeed! I couldn't eat just-pigs!"

aplece so why not kill them when dollars apiece. I may not know much "To sort of welcome them to their

Mr. Townbred was a bit chagrined kill we'll-" "Kill?" ochoed Mr. Townbred one on his snoot," went on John, pla-

about pigs this afternoon at the li- they're about six months old and- about pigs, Frieda, but I do know new home, you know!" brary and me for Berkshires! Of and roast pig for Christmas with an enough not to pay four dollars more Mrs. Townbred laughed. "For goodness sake, Ruthvin, to hear you talk boards en a big one done chewed on

Mrs. Townbred smiled patiently, one would imagine you meant to keep it en-"Yes, Ruthvin, but my two are a se- them as pets. Pigs are-pigs, and "For goodness sake!" exclaimed lected pair out of different litters and there's nothing affectionate And the Berkshire isn't very Mrs. Townbred for the second time, we can breed from them—so they them. John will feed them well and delightful, much more so than merrily for two hours, or until the put in Mr. Townbred, "but it's "Six months old? Why, do you real- are worth the difference. Yours are when that 'gentleman pig' of yours- If that black Berkshire dies or is cripas you call him-gets fat enough to pled I'll-I'll-

"Kill? Indeed he isn't to be killed! cidly. "We aren't?" asked her husband fere and—really, dear, you must ad-"Then—then what are we raising them mit that you don't know much about The next afternoon a delighted Mr. "And have ham and bacon and lard

BUSINESS WORLD

The Life of the Party

HERE was once a Young Man, if Pressed for an Answer, would doubtless have admitted that he was the Life of any Party he attended. He didn't Hate himself one bit, and he couldn't see

how Anybody else could. On the contrary, he just knew he was a Hit wherever he went and felt certain he was Horribly Missed when not Among Those Present. So, without Urging, he constituted himself Chief Entertainer for every Gather-

When Out With the Boys, he Mo nopolized everything but the Checks for the evening's Entertainment. If a fellow Wanted to Tell a Story, he had to wait until Our Hero had gotten Four of them Off his Chest, and even then he had to Spring it Quick. On all Subjects-from Syrup to Sub-

marines-Said Life-of-the-Party was Ready and Walting with Expert Opinion and Inside Info. And he saw to it that he started an Argument with Somebody present. As a Listener he was a Fine Speaker. When it came to the Fair Sex he

was even more At Home. He was There with the Chatter and the Drivel. He went on the Assumption that the girls Loved to hear him Talk; and he just couldn't Disappoint them. Put him with Six Women and he Hotel at a Seaside Resort and in two Old Life, as the ball players say.

walking around in the pig-sty, eh?"

Mr. Townbred saw the point all

Later that evening, after dinner,

"Scuse me, Missus Townbred," he

said, "but one of dem hawgs done al-

most chewed de foot offen ernother

one, en I wants to knew ef you got

"What!" exclaimed the Townbreds

"Yas'm." John continued, "one ob

"That settles it!" exclaimed Mr.

"En de little one done bit de big

de little ones stuck his foot froo de

when the Townbreds were out front

John came 'round to the side of the

right and answered gruffly. "Well,

what's a pig-sty for, anyway?"

she interposed quickly.

eny turpentine en lard."

simultaneously.

porch.

And Then Uncork His Amusement Stuff.

would Spill sixty per cent of the Conversation-which was surely Going sometimes, the "Life-of-the-Party" Some. Turn him loose in the Big really is It. Wherefore, a little of the

days every last girl there considered him "Just-too-funny-!" His specialty was to back Three or Six of them up into one corner of the veranda and then uncork his Amusement Stuff. The more they Giggled the more Satisfied he was with himself. That

his Line of Talk sounded like a speech by a Missing Link wasn't his fault; for he thought it Classy. And most of the Fair Maids—as Maids go these days-seemed to expect nothing Better. He was never "Serious" and he knew he had the Right Cue. Papas and Mammas listened to him

and Thanked their Lucky Stars he wasn't One of the Family. Girls with Sense-there are a Few Left-Fled when they Saw him Coming. Men of brains set him down as a Fool and the other Young Chaps spoke of him as "The Pest." But a lot he cared! Eventually he

copped out an Heiress Who Fell For his Small Talk and considered herself Lucky. Even at the Wedding he "Joked"—and, this time, with Reason, A Successful Business Man mistook his Lingual Gymnastics for Brains and Bustle and gave him a Good Job. And he Got By with it for a Long Time, too; then he Talked himself

into Another Job. All of which tends to show that,

them, should not be boiled, and should be hung in the shade to dry.

THAT an easy way to wash windows is to add three or four tablespoonfuls of coal oil to the water. This both

cleans and polishes the glass. THAT the foreign way of cooking peas is to put them in a double boiler THAT if Irish potatoes, after they with a great spoonful of butter and a

have been boiled, are poured into a couple of tiny onions, but with no collander and slipped into the oven water, and allow the water in the botabout Townbred, springing to his feet for a few minutes they will be mealy tom part of the kettle to boll away when finished off in the old fashion, peas are soft. on top of the stove. TO WASH GLOVES. THAT beating the yolk of an egg

into a cream sauce intended for any To wash chamois gloves use luke-"There!" cried Mrs. Townbred, tri- purpose, makes it richer and more at- warm water and a good white soap. In order that they may be soft when THAT colored frocks should be they are dry do not rinse all of the soaked in water, heavily salted, be- soap out of them, and do not hang (Copyright, 1915, by Edward Riddle fore being washed for the first time, them by a range fire or near other should not have soap rubbed upon artificial heat.







